A Prelude to Post-Modernity

"Post modern" is a response to a paradigm shift we are collectively experiencing, as well as a personal archive made public. A death and rebirth. An elegy of reason and an effigy of the absurd. letting go of what was and welcoming what could be.

Postmodern is a collection of songs. Songs iv made in different cities, with different people, under different names, in different times living different lives. through heartbreak and healing. Some of these tracks are newer, and others are older. unearthed, remastered, recontextualized. But all of them capture the space inbetween, moments of collapse and clarity, where things fell apart and something else began.

It’s a reflection of where we are and what comes after.

We live in a postmodern world where truth fractures and images dominate. Where stories don’t end, they get infinitely recycled in degrading fidelity, creating something new altogether, something untethered to reality entirely. A world where irony swallows sincerity, and rebellion is sold back to us as a Che Guevara tee shirt. Where politics is theater, identity is brand, and protest is content.

The French philosopher Jean Baudrillard said we live in a world of simulation and simulacra, imitations of imitations of reality that have replaced the original source as a hyper reality, more real than reality itself. We don’t encounter raw reality anymore; we encounter filtered versions.

That’s hyperreality:
Where the copy feels more real than the original. Where the simulacra become the truth, and the truth no longer matters.

Guy Debord’s brought forth the idea of "the spectacle". a society where everything becomes performance. In the spectacle, we’re not just consumers, we’re consumed. Our emotions, identities, and politics are flattened into surface. We scroll through war, genocide, heartbreak, joy in the same feed.
It's not apathy, it’s overwhelm.

In this landscape, meaning doesn't vanish, meaning multiplies. So many voices, stories, and truths that they cancel each other out. What remains is psychic damage, contradiction, detachment, and overstimulation.

We see a video game based off a book becomes a movie that's reviewed on television, a YouTuber then reacts to a YouTubers reaction of the interview on television of the movie based on a video game based on the book, then chops up to post on TikTok and Instagram.

This creates a hall of mirrors, swayed by media mega conglomerates. a cloud of intellectual fragmentation covering the parts you aren't supposed to see, manipulated as such by those who wield power.

This brings us to the Chapel Perilous.
A term borrowed from esotericism, now repurposed for post-modern thought. This is the threshold where certainty breaks down. Where everything feels like a lie, or a joke, or both. Where we're not sure what's real anymore, because you have been shaken to your core. Fundamental truths of your concept of what is real have been pulled out from under your feet, leaving you as either a pan-agnostic absurdist or a nihilistic paranoid-stoic.
but we keep going anyway, thinking critically.

This is what Postmodern is a response to. Not to explain it, but to live inside it.

This album is a collage of contradictions:
Joy and grief. Beauty and pain. Burnout and breakthrough.
It was made in the ruins of a dying internet, in the shadow of an empire, through climate collapse and cultural decay.
But it's not hopeless.
It's about creating in spite of that.

We build from fragments. We find meaning in the broken pieces of a mosaic, and build it into another.

This project is an act of violent defiance, and an act of gentle care. A way to hold space when nothing else is holding together. A reminder that even in the hellscape of late-stage capitalism, music still moves us, and community means more than ever.

Welcome to the postmodern.
There’s no map, only movement.
No answers, just wiggly air.
But if you’re reading this, then you’re part of it now. You have started down a path you can never turn back from.

Let’s move through it together.
Let’s see what comes next.